

SEPTEMBER 9, 1944

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXI

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Railroads in Court. Since February 4, 1887, the American railroads have been under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a result of a long series of unconscionable abuses, Congress empowered the Commission to fix minimum and maximum transportation rates, to approve security issues, to prevent discrimination against communities, to require the use of various safety devices and, in general, to keep a strict eye on what the rails were up to. Despite all this regulation, the Department of Justice has filed an anti-trust suit, at Lincoln, Nebraska, against the American Association of Railroads, the Western Association of Railway Executives, J. P. Morgan and Co., Kuhn, Loeb and Co., forty-seven railroads and their chief executives, and thirty-one other individuals. In a forty-page complaint, the Government charges: 1) that the defendants have, "by collusion and illegal action," fixed higher freight rates for the western part of the country than prevail in the East; 2) that they have prevented the use of new improvements; 3) that they have established arbitrary and non-competitive rates for the transportation of oil by rail and pipe-line; 4) that they have retarded the growth of the trucking industry. To all those charges a prominent rail executive said: "plain baloney"; and the *New York Times* editorialized irascibly on "politics in an election year." In a more direct vein, the point was made that the anti-trust suit was really directed at the I.C.C.; if the Commission had been on the job, there would be no abuses to be prosecuted. But Wendell Berge, Assistant Attorney General, denied that the Interstate Commerce Act exempted the railroads from the anti-trust laws, insisted that the Government would prove its charges in court.

Unions Meet. Two extremes of trade unionism will be on display next week at Cincinnati and Grand Rapids when the United Mine Workers and the United Automobile Workers assemble for their conventions. The former has come to typify the virtues and vices of rigid, autocratic control from the top; the latter, the virtues and vices of democracy almost uncontrolled. Pre-convention developments suggest that both meetings are apt to provide good copy for the press. At Cincinnati, Ray Edmundson, formerly president of powerful Illinois District 12 and now in open revolt against the John L. Lewis machine, is primed to launch an attack on "Provisionalism"—the very effective device which Mr. Lewis has used for twenty years to ensure his tight control over the United Mine Workers. Provisionalism is a \$64-word for depriving local unions of their autonomy and replacing elected officials with Lewis appointees. More than 300,000 mine workers are living their union lives today under "provisional" government. It is doubtful whether anything that happens at Cincinnati will effect a change in their status. At Grand Rapids, powerful right-wing and left-wing factions will clash bitterly and noisily for control of the United Automobile Workers. On the eve of the convention, the outcome has been made uncertain by an unfortunate split among the right-wingers. Needless to say, a left-wing victory would be calamitous. It would mean that a group in which Communists are prominent has not only taken over the largest union in the world but has put itself in a position to challenge the right-wing leadership at CIO national headquarters. If Walter Reuther, former Socialist and bitter enemy of the Stalinists, is not re-elected Vice President, prepare for the worst.

Daniels Don't Come to Judgment. We see by the papers that Joseph S. Fay and James Bove, union leaders, were indicted on May 19, 1943, on six counts of extortion amounting to \$420,000. No, we have not been digging into the newspaper files; the information is carried by the papers for August 29, 1944, and is made pertinent by the fact that this week the lawyers will emerge from their corners to engage in another round of the battle to decide which court in New York is going to try the accused. Almost sixteen months have passed, and not only has there been no trial, but nobody seems even to know what court will try the case. The late Father Blakely more than once quoted President Taft's remark that the administration of our criminal law is a disgrace to a civilized country. If the law's delays are long enough, witnesses may move away, die or forget their testimony. The bias is all in favor of the strong and wealthy who are able to pay for procrastination. If the venue is settled this week, the trial *might* start in October—practically a year and a half since the indictment was returned. The guilt or innocence of Messrs. Fay and Bove is a question for the jury when they eventually come to trial. But these long delays work against the average union man who wants an honest union. Men who are powerful enough to indulge in large-scale extortion usually have their own ways of "taking care" of hostile witnesses from the rank and file. Prompt and decisive action on cases like this would be a great step in the direction of better-run unions and more peaceful labor-management relations.

Archbishop Stritch on World Order. Chicago *Sun* readers who chanced upon Archbishop Stritch's trilogy of articles entitled "Pattern For Peace" found that the Archbishop threw open an old door on a new view for many of

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them. International Realism, he showed, did not mean that big countries could get away with murder; it means that, ultimately, the murder catches up with them and with other countries which, for the sake of profit or a quiet life, let them commit the murder. Example: World War II. In other words, the really realistic man is the man who sees that the world cannot be successfully run by ignoring the moral law; the dreamer is the one who thinks, in the face of centuries of history, that it can. Sovereignty "does not mean that a nation can absolve itself from the obligations in the family of nations." In our own time, he continued:

... exaggerated notions of sovereignty, which have obtained in some irrational nationalisms, have injured the unity of the family of nations and brought on great catastrophes.

The nations are not Robinson Crusoes, monarchs of all they survey; they are part of a world community and that very fact limits their sovereignty. "Sovereignty which makes the nation the creator of its own ethical values and recognizes no international moral obligations is immoral and dangerous." The Archbishop has done a great service to Chicanos and to all Americans in recalling these truths.

"Bigger and Better Schools." The trouble with slogans is that "a hair perhaps divides the false and true" of them. You attend a meeting of policy-makers for postwar education. The main topic right now is how to make education better than it was before the war. No one doubts that it should be better. But in the debate on how to make it better, talk soon veers to money. Much more money will have to be spent. Money will build bigger schools; bigger schools somehow will be better schools. It is all summed up in a catchy slogan: Bigger and Better Schools; and the meaning you should get from it is: Bigger, *therefore* better schools. You are to gather that educational improvement is mainly a matter of money. But is it? Some years ago the owner of the Boston Red Sox spent "a barrel of money" on players. But the team has not won a pennant yet. Something more than money is needed, however much it helps to get a good team or a good faculty. The "bigger and better" slogan rings true when applied to small schools with poorly paid teachers and poor standards. But it is invoked, too, in favor of large "centers of learning" whose high-priced faculties are more interested in what they write in books than in what they write on the minds of their students. It tends—if we do not winnow the false from the true—to make us believe that size is identical with excellence; that a little school is thereby a poor educational investment; and that a three-million-dollar mass-education factory is without a doubt a "better school."

Heroes All. To *Time* Magazine (August 21, 1944) we are indebted for the record of the 100th Infantry Battalion. Lieut. General Mark Clark cited them as a unit for bravery. The men of the 100th have won nine Distinguished Service Crosses, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars, three Legion of Merit Medals; more than 75 per cent of them have been wounded in action; there has not been a single case of desertion or AWOL. The 100th Battalion is made up of 1,300 Japanese Americans.

Liberating Religious Art. According to *Liturgical Arts*, in its August issue, the recent exhibition of religious art, held at Dayton, Ohio, was "an unqualified success." Replying to Otto Spaeth, one of the sponsors of the exhibition, the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, wrote the following frank lines:

Religious art, in the churches of the United States, considering the spirit of our country and our resources, should be elevating and inspiring. Our commercial studios, having no real interest in art and utterly devoid of all inspiration, have largely controlled production, with deplorable results. There ought to be a definite and complete break with this "controlled art" which is too generally but falsely accepted as meeting the standard of Catholic American taste.

The Archbishop then explains that some of the creative artists may show an unreasonable disregard for tradition, some may tend to extremes, but "the sincerity of the artists and their eagerness to give us a fresh portrayal which the modern world demands" should meet with our encouragement. The Archbishop's words, pungently notes the quarterly, "may allay the fears of those who faint when a breath of fresh air comes their way."

Encouraging Young Artists. The best way to encourage creative artists and craftsmen in the religious field is to give them a chance. Many more than you think can be found, if they can but see the possibility of making a decent living. The same quarterly proposes the following as a way out of the dilemma, that the commercial "church goods" impose upon us: a) register our dissatisfaction with things as they are; b) avoid the peddling salesmen; c) seek out local talent and take a chance once in a while with a young artist who needs a client willing to give him his first job. "The lazy way," remarks *Liturgical Arts*, "is to pick up a catalog and order by number. The hard way is to dig for the occasional gold nugget." Why, incidentally, could not every town, and indeed many a parish, stage its own home-grown exhibit of Catholic religious arts and crafts?

"The Robe's" Brush-Off. Confirmation of last week's literary article, *Rationalistic Theology in Modern Fiction*, comes very appositely in Mr. Douglas' own words. Writing in the June *Cosmopolitan*, which has just come to our attention, he discusses "Why I wrote *The Robe*." Says he: "You can always score a success by writing a novel about Jesus, if you take care to avoid the controversies which have split the later Christians into sects." The fundamental one of these controversies, of course, is whether Christ is actually and absolutely God. If you avoid this, you may score a success; you are not writing about Christ. You are actually ignoring Him. He Who was set as a sign that is to be contradicted, as a cornerstone to crush those who reject Him, may be deeply hated or ardently loved—He cannot be vitally ignored. In literature as well as in theology, the result is spiritual suicide.

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 President, America Press: GERALD C. TREACY Press: JOSEPH A. LENNON
 Business Manager: JOSEPH CARROLL
 Promotion and Circulation: GERRARD DONNELLY
 Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL BLDG., NEW YORK CITY 17

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., 70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N.Y., September 9, 1944, Vol. LXXI, No. 23. Whole No. 1817. Telephone MURRAY Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview, Domestic, yearly \$5; 15 cents a copy; Canada, \$6; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.50; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Registered U. S. Patent Office.

THE NATION AT WAR

THE WORLD WAR continues to move along swiftly. On Aug. 23, Rumania announced that she had accepted the armistice terms offered by the United Nations and ordered her troops to cease fighting against Russia. Most of them obeyed, probably glad to stop fighting.

The terms of the armistice, as communicated by Russian sources, are that Russia shall have Bessarabia and Bukovina. In turn Rumania is to get Transylvania—now partly Hungarian. In 1940, the Vienna Treaty, sponsored by Germany and Italy, divided Transylvania between Rumania and Hungary, ostensibly on the basis of national majorities.

The desertion of the Axis cause by Rumania took Germany by surprise. It has resulted in large German forces being cut off and surrounded by Russian armies. As far as is now known, the Germans lost about 20 divisions, and the help of some 18 Rumanian divisions. Whether Germany can recover from this serious blow is doubtful.

With no resistance before them, the Russians are advancing deep into Rumania. The only other area in which their armies are making any substantial advance is in Estonia, where heavy fighting is going on.

In France, the Allied advance has freed Paris and has, at date of writing, almost driven the last of the Germans back over the Seine. The Germans seem to have decided to abandon France and retire rapidly to the German frontier.

German losses in France have been high. Loss of equipment has been higher. Whether Germany can replace the tanks, guns and motor vehicles she has lost is not yet known. The men missing from the German divisions may be replaced by men taken from the discontinued services in France. Swedish observers report these as about 350,000. As German losses before the Allied armies so far appear not to have exceeded 150,000, this number might possibly be made good.

The war in Italy is in a quiescent state compared to a few weeks ago. There are indications that the Germans may soon leave Italy and retire to the line of the Alps—a very strong line. By so withdrawing, a good many thousands of Germans employed at airfields, depots, etc., in Italy could be released. This would temporarily enable them to fight on.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

IT was peace that occupied the conferees at Dumbarton Oaks and war that was still being waged at the War Production Board as August turned into September in Washington.

WPB Chairman Donald Nelson was off on a mission to China and the betting was that he will be in a brand-new spot when he returns—perhaps that of industrial mobilization director. WPB Vice-Chairman Charles E. Wilson turned his back on Washington after saying some pretty blunt things about Mr. Nelson and the vendetta he believed had been conducted against him. And Lieut. Commander Julius A. Krug, resigned from the Navy, took over the direction of the War Production Board, promising to fire all the feudists.

Washington opinion was divided on whether Nelson or Wilson was in the right. Such facts as could be hewn from the mountain of gossip on the affair seemed to suggest: 1) that both were right insofar as ability and desire to do a good war job were concerned; 2) that differences between the two men had been magnified beyond actuality; 3) that high Government officials, some close to the President, had been strongly opposed to Nelson and were promoting Wilson to replace him, and 4) that Mr. Roosevelt, as in many cases previously, had not moved in decisively to set up clear lines of authority.

At Dumbarton Oaks, there was word that the United States, Great Britain and Russia had agreed on the main outlines of a world-security league contemplating creation of a world assembly, a world council as a sort of board of directors or executive committee, and an international court of justice.

But complaints about the secrecy of the conference continued, and on Capitol Hill, where blessings had been given the objectives of the conference earlier, there began to appear signs of Senate opposition to any "blank check" agreement which would impair Congress' constitutional power to declare war. This, of course, touched the question of the extent to which United States troops could be used as part of a world force to put down aggression. A compromise, based perhaps on the magnitude of the trouble threatened, is possible.

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

IN an article dealing with the audiences held by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, *Osservatore Romano* says the Holy Father has not failed to make known to high officers of the Allied Forces his satisfaction with the edifying behavior of the troops at the audiences. "The Holy Father has also expressed his particular satisfaction," the article says, "at the frequency with which the troops visit the churches of Rome and their exemplary conduct during these visits."

► "Victory Day," when it comes in Europe, should be observed solemnly with thanksgiving services in all churches, the Most Rev. John J. Mitty, Archbishop of San Francisco, directed in a letter sent to all the pastors. He wrote:

On V-Day, all churches and chapels in the Archdiocese are directed to have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, with appropriate services of thanksgiving to God for our successes in Europe, as well as prayers for a speedy victory in the Orient.

► At the beginning of 1944 the Sacred College of Cardinals consisted of 43 members—25 Italians and 18 non-Italians.

By the death of Cardinal O'Connell and the Cardinal Secretary of State Maglione, the Sacred College has been reduced to 41 members, the lowest in many years.

► Three members of the Hierarchy will address the thirteenth annual meeting of the National Catholic Evidence Conference to be held at Chicago, September 12-14. Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, will speak on "The Inspiration and Sustaining Force of the Apostolate"; The Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, will discuss "Keeping Contact with Men of Good Will"; Most Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, will deliver an address on "The Modern Approach to Our Non-Catholic Countrymen."

► Catholics in Croatia are publishing a new translation of the Old and New Testaments, the Vatican Radio said in a broadcast reported to the Office of War Information. A "vigorous campaign" is being made, the English-language broadcast added, to have the Bible used in every home.

LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

THE PEOPLE AND FOREIGN POLICY

WILLIAM L. LUCEY

THE STRUCTURE of an international organization is in the making. The first steps beyond the promise have been taken. In the middle of last June the President made public a Plan for Security which gave us a hint of the structure under consideration—an Assembly of all nations to promote international cooperation; a Council composed of the Big Four and an unnamed number of other States to keep the peace; a Court to settle disputes. No doubt he was sounding out public opinion. At the moment, a conference or a series of "exploratory conversations" is being held for further discussions on an international organization. The time is fast approaching when the people of the United States must exercise their proper function in foreign affairs.

The role of the American people in foreign affairs is too often misunderstood. Alexis de Tocqueville, a keen and honest observer of our political institutions, confessed in his *Democracy in America* (1835) that a democracy must of necessity blunder badly in foreign affairs. The people, he argued, lacked the qualities necessary for successful ventures in the diplomatic field. Secrecy, the essence of diplomacy in de Tocqueville's opinion, prevented an open discussion based on full knowledge of events, without which there could be no intelligent decision. And there must be constancy and continuity in a successful conduct of foreign affairs, an unlikely event where shallow impressions and deep-rooted prejudices determined the course of action. Impressed, however, with the new political experiment under way in the New World, he suspended final judgment and advised others to do the same.

De Tocqueville's mistake—and the mistake of others after him—was the failure to grasp the exact function of the American people in their relations with other nations. To others of necessity they entrust the administration of foreign relations, within the ambit of certain foreign policies. The people are the final arbiter of their nation's foreign policies. These give moral direction to and clearly limit the freedom of those actually administering the foreign relations. I think it is clear how the traditional policy of isolation has limited the diplomatic activity of administrations to not much more than friendly commercial and cultural relations. Our foreign relations are successfully administered when in harmony with and under the direction of foreign policies that have been accepted by the nation.

FUNCTION OF THE EXECUTIVE

The people, of course, can not directly exercise the power of conducting and administering foreign relations. This is properly an Executive function, and under the Constitution the President, assisted by his Secretary of State, who administers the details of relations with all foreign nations, has this power. They work together, the Secretary sharing as much of this Executive power as the President decides. If personal differences preclude this required harmony, the Secretary, politics permitting, soon finds himself an ex-Cabinet member.

Together, whatever be the influence of each, they exercise a tremendous power. They alone have direct contact with foreign Powers; they alone have the exact knowledge of world events necessary for timely action; and consequently they can initiate steps that can lead to permanent relations and commitments with other nations and can originate a

new policy of action. There is, then, at the disposal of the Executive an extensive and complete power which is quite necessary for an intelligent leadership of our nation both in peace time and in national crises. But it is not an unchecked power.

FUNCTION OF CONGRESS AND PUBLIC

There is some dissatisfaction with the way the Constitution has divided congressional control over foreign affairs between the Senate and the House; but under the Presidential system some congressional control over the Executive's conduct of foreign relations is wise and necessary. And it is the function of Congress to see that the Executive's conduct of foreign relations are in harmony with the foreign policies of the nation. Certain commitments made by the Executive with other nations, according as they are treaties or agreements calling for money appropriations to implement them, require the approval of a special majority (two-thirds) of the Senate or a simple majority of both Houses. This right to scrutinize the results of important negotiations, and the need of congressional approval, compel the Executive to confide in Congress at some time during negotiations and accordingly removes the dangers of objectionable secrecy.

This relation between the Executive, Congress and people is so vitally important, today especially, that the current dispute over the respective roles of the Senate and the House must not be allowed to endanger the welfare of the nation. Should the House share with the Senate the power to ratify treaties? Should treaties be ratified by a simple majority? This is an old debate, for the House first claimed more control over treaties when Washington sent the Jay Treaty to the Senate. And the House actually exercises considerable control over foreign affairs today, thanks to the frequent use of executive agreements—like the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—which require congressional appropriations. Besides, it is unlikely that any constitutional changes will be made in the immediate future and we must be prepared to use the present arrangement. It is, moreover, difficult to see how the advocates of a change are strengthening their position by asserting that a special majority in itself is undemocratic. There is nothing undemocratic in requiring a special majority (two-thirds) for an important decision that imposes on this nation lasting and serious obligations. The fears and doubts expressed in some quarters on this score need not be taken too seriously, provided the Executive cooperates as he should with Congress and the people express themselves clearly on the vital issues at stake.

What, then, is the function of the people in foreign affairs? The people make our foreign policies—those fundamental attitudes which, with due regard for our obligations to other States, best protect and promote our national interests and security in relations with these States. Whatever the respective influences of all the other factors at work in shaping a foreign policy, it is not made until accepted by the people. In the making of the policy, the leaders of all walks of life must intelligently and conscientiously explain and counsel and direct; in the end, the people must decide.

CHOICE OF POLICIES

Our traditional isolationism, which held that Europe's interests and problems were not ours, that we were best off when we had nothing to do with other nations, that a trading industrial nation can have friendly commercial relations with all the world and still remain immune from the political influences of these contacts, that all this was pos-

sible because we were physically isolated, has disappeared. This is not a condemnation of the original policy. It was a sane policy for our weak republic, in danger of interference by European Powers anxious to see the new political experiment in the New World collapse; and it was a possible policy because the Atlantic and the Pacific were a protection. It is no longer sane or possible.

A new isolationist policy is, however, possible and not without its advocates. It is one of three choices before the nation today: the new isolationism; a system of power alliances; a system of collective security within an international organization.

The new isolationism somewhat proudly demands that we seek our national security and interests within our own military and material strength in utter disregard of any obligation and without commitments to other nations. To do this we must scrap not only our old isolationism but many of our traditional ways: we must have a huge standing army of about five millions, a navy for every ocean, an air force superior to the combined strength of any possible hostile coalition; and all this on a permanent basis. The nation must be an armed camp, with the personnel for this huge military force supplied by the permanent compulsory military training of our youth. Sufficient and satisfactory naval and air bases must be acquired *now*, if need be by unilateral action, on the score that our national security justifies such action. The position of this group is good evidence of the demise of the old isolationism and of the fact that our interests do extend beyond our borders.

A foreign policy of alliances, although it has its advocates, is not likely to attract many Americans. Such a policy is an invitation to Power politics whereby we would assume a large share of world domination through an alliance or a system of alliances with the few other big Powers. These alliances, called permanent and perpetual, will be, as we know from history, temporary and do not give any assurance of a just peace even within the foreseeable future, which is to most of us a very brief period.

Rejection of a policy of alliances should not, of course, interfere with the promotion of a clear understanding and close cooperation between the victor nations in the postwar settlements, for without that there can be no end to the ruinous policy of unilateral action of any one big Power. The advocates of alliances, moreover, make an important admission that should not be slighted—that no nation today, not even the mightiest, is sufficiently independent by its own strength to protect its own interest and to guarantee its own security. Each needs the help of others.

MORAL AND POLITICAL IMPERATIVES

The states of the twentieth century are so interdependent, geographically, economically, politically and on the score of military vulnerability, that each cannot promote the well-being of its citizens in all phases of life, protect its interests at home and abroad and guarantee its national independence and security without the assistance, individual and collective, of other nations. It is the full implication of this fact in the face of modern warfare, bolstered by the solidarity of the human race and the bonds of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, that makes the organization of the society of nations imperative. It is not merely that there must be cooperation and collaboration among nations, but that this cooperation must be politically organized, for without it there can be no international order and no peace, which is the tranquillity of order within states and between states. This is the third choice of foreign policies before the people now. It is the only sane one.

Fully recognizing the necessity of international institutions, the religious leaders of this country have declared in an unprecedented statement—the Seven-Point Pattern for Peace—that international institutions to maintain peace must be organized. The British Council of Christians and Jews has added the weight of its authority and influence in support of this statement. This guidance at a crucial time in our history has received a remarkable response among the people; yet it cannot be said that public opinion has as yet crystalized. The decision is overdue. There is no denial of the many obstacles in the way of a sound international organization, but it will not do to enumerate and to exaggerate the obstacles to the point of confusion and inactivity.

The decision is overdue for many reasons. Not until the United States has decided on its foreign policy will the other big nations make their decision. Ours will be a major factor in determining their foreign policy. Not until we have decided clearly and forcibly that this is our policy, can we insist that the important peace settlements of boundaries, territories and colonies be settled on the principles to be incorporated into the international organization; not until then can we insist on an end to international settlements by unilateral action backed by force and an end to the fears of mutual bargainings among the major powers at the expense of small nations. The decisions once made, public opinion will be in a position to give moral direction to future conferences called to discuss the structure and details of the international organization.

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY?

JOHN LAFARGE

AS the Allied armies cross the Marne from the west and push up to Switzerland from the south, the moment is approaching when Allied policy toward Germany will make its first appearance. If the Allied governments have already made their decisions, these will shortly be put into effect. If they have not, the uncertainty can be prolonged no further.

One question immediately confronts us, and prefaces all further discussion. Can the Germans be trusted to set their own house in order?

This is a very general way, a figurative way, of speaking. The practical problem is: can the Germans safely be trusted to establish for themselves a soundly democratic regime which will bring peace and order for themselves at home, and provide security for the rest of the world abroad?

CONSTRUCTIVE ELEMENTS WITHIN GERMANY

One of the clearest and most unequivocal answers on just this point is given in a little book recently issued by the University of Chicago Press, entitled *The Tyrants' War and the Peoples' Peace*. The author is F. A. Hermens, Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Notre Dame. Professor Hermens left Germany in 1934 to escape Nazi rule. He was formerly a member of the Catholic Center Party.

"Democracy," says Professor Hermens, "both national and international, is the indispensable basis of the peace to come."

Germany, in Dr. Hermens' view, can in all probability be re-established on a democratic basis, and the key to such

a future program is a dispassionate appraisal of the rise of the Hitler regime. He refuses to lay all the blame, or even the principal blame on Germany's foreign-relations situation during the period after the first World War. He is not sympathetic to those exegetes of the Hitler saga who blame everything on the Treaty of Versailles, though he makes no attempt to minimize its mistakes—mistakes made against the Allies' own interests. The principal factors he finds are domestic, and the Nazis' fortunes rose and fell along the lines of the events at home.

Three groups of factors, according to Hermens, were the proximate cause of the collapse of the Weimar Republic in the 1930's—the effects of the world economic crisis, the deficiencies of the Weimar Constitution, and the intrigues of the generals and the Junkers.

Hitler's power declined as economic conditions in Germany began to improve. But the "world economic crisis revived the Nazi movement and put it back into the running."

Under a majority system, instead of the Proportional Representation adopted by the Weimar Constitution, the Nazis would have experienced a succession of defeats at the polls, and "might well have disintegrated." . . . "Even in the vital elections of September, 1930, the Nazis could have accomplished but little under the majority system, if there had been a Nazi party left under that system of voting."

I believe Dr. Hermens is correct when he assumes that we can count on a strong German opinion to support a swift, comprehensive and ruthless punishment of the Nazi war criminals, particularly when they themselves get the full facts. The German people, as Dr. Hermens rightly observes, have been kept in ignorance of many of the most horrible features of the Nazi excesses. How many of them know what we in this country know of the mass extermination of the Jews in Poland and elsewhere? In Germany immediately before the war it was impossible to learn what was going on in even the next town. People in the Rhineland were told, in the peaceful summer of 1938, that the streets of Paris were "swimming in blood," shed by raging "Jews and Bolsheviks." And the United States was described as one vast madhouse, swarming with revolver-toting gangsters and lynching parties.

For the future he holds that an effective external control of Germany will be much more successful than attempts at internal control. "The members of the active opposition to the Nazis need an opportunity to validate their claim to leadership." We can start now with a real democratic government. (The Proportional Representation problem I should prefer to leave to political experts.)

A Germany partitioned by mere force will never make sense to the Germans. But a genuine federalism, which will include the dissolution of Prussia's dominant position, can very practically be considered. Furthermore, the large estate owners, whether they are East-Elbian Junkers or not, should be expropriated without delay.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, which he reviews, Professor Hermens is hopeful about the possibility of re-educating the Nazi-infected youth. "The ways of democracy are learned," he insists, "by practising them. Re-establish the republican parties, the trade-unions, the old youth organizations (Catholic, Protestant and others). Give the free democratic press a chance."

One suggestion that Professor Hermens makes in his book seems to me particularly noteworthy: that a series of exchange professorships and scholarships be established for students both of high-school and college age. Why, in other words, could not our Catholic colleges and universities in

this country do their share—send teachers over to Germany direct from our own institutions, and bring their Catholic students over here?

THREE FACTORS FOR REGENERATION

It would be easy to continue these suggestions, to praise them or to find flaws in them. But beneath all such discussions there lie, I believe, three fundamental points. There are three bridges which, from the very nature of things, need to be crossed if any of these suggestions about postwar Germany are actually to bear fruit.

The first bridge is that of religion. The Allied experts at Dumbarton Oaks are now exploring, among many other matters, the ways and means for releasing the forces of reconstruction in the various countries to be either conquered or liberated. Are they fully recognizing the tremendous power which religion can play—if given a chance—in the reconstruction of Germany? Do they consider what can be done if the confessional schools, Catholic and non-Catholic, are re-opened; if full scope is allotted to religious social action? There were Catholic young men and women fighting, desperately but intelligently, against the Nazi poison among the young, immediately before the war. Are these all gone, with none to succeed them? In no country in the world has religion been more concerned with its full integration into the life of the people than in Germany in recent years, even during the war. Will our Allied statesmen this time have the courage and the foresight to give full recognition to the power of religion as a healing and educating and integrating force in postwar Germany?

The second bridge to be crossed is that of security, which is another way of saying that all plans for settling the German question through internal reforms are bound to fail if they are not supported by an adequate organization for international security. Security looms as the mighty specter behind any conference table where Germany's future is being charted. The German people, after all the insane Goebbels propaganda is rejected, will still feel a natural anxiety about their individual security in the face of their powerful conqueror to the East. On the other hand, France and the various small nations whom Germany has either deceived or tortured, will not be reassured by any conceivable show of reasonableness by the German people themselves. *Their* confidence has been broken beyond all repair, in our own generation. I see no hope of allaying that specter in the German mind or in the minds of her former victims, save through a general international organization to which all nations are in duty bound to belong, to which Germany herself, when once more properly functioning, will also be admitted.

Both the bridges above mentioned, however, lead inevitably to the longest and highest bridge of all—that of *confidence*.

In the last analysis, the possibility of reaching any rational solution of the German problem rests upon our willingness to accept confidence as a working political principle. There are certain mentalities which utterly reject it. Their estimates, their deductions and proposals, are based upon distrust as the only safe guide to political security. But the starting point for any discussion of the postwar world is necessarily the ruling out of distrust as a primary impulse in dealing with any people whatsoever, even a criminal people—if there are such. In no position to talk intelligently of Germany's future is a mind which entertains a total and ineradicable distrust of any nation or race—Spain, Great Britain, Poland, Russia, France; the Negro, the Jew, the Caucasian, the Chinese or the Japanese.

A basically confident mind, however, does not exclude frank recognition of evil—crimes to be punished, ideologies to be destroyed.

In the situation of Germany, as proposed by the democratic and most thoughtful Germans in this country, there is some justification of confidence. You can build up arguments to show there is no possible hope of a return to sanity in Germany, as you can build them up to prove there is no conceivable possibility of any change for the better in Russia, or Japan, or British India. You can do that, in a superficial way, intelligently. But you have adopted, none the less, an unworkable and politically and morally sterile principle.

I believe all reasonable minds consider a prudent confidence to be a far safer guide than mistrust. I believe, likewise, once the acute excitement of the war and victory has died down, that the reasoning majority among all the Allies will be willing to trust the Germans to set their house in order. We can expect them to do this, provided we make it possible by adequate external control, by provisions for international security, and by due regard for the regenerative force of religion itself.

RED BLOOD

CLYDE B. RAGSDALE

WHEN I was ten years old the incident occurred, leaving with me a sharp, indelible memory.

My father, a big man about six feet two inches in height and weighing slightly more than two hundred pounds, had an unreasonable antagonism to Negroes. His dislike for them at times became so intense as to be frightening. This was a sort of paradox, for I knew he had never brought physical harm to anyone in his life, and he was generally kind and considerate. Only on the question of the rights of a Negro would he work himself into a frenzy.

Our family had always lived in the South. Father was born near Pisgah Ridge, in Limestone County, Texas; and although mother was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, she was brought to Texas at the age of three. All the children were born in the State. Consequently, we all possessed a more or less typical Southern attitude toward Negroes.

At the time, Father was a conductor on an interurban route. Just outside the main thoroughfare of the city a small colored man, flashily dressed and wearing a black derby hat, boarded Father's car. Short on paper money of the smaller denominations, Father had to give the Negro a quantity of silver in changing the ten-dollar bill the man gave him.

The Negro placed the money in his derby and retired to his seat. He poured the loose silver into his lap and counted it back into the hat. After performing this operation several times, he went to the back of the car and spoke to Father.

"Cap'n," he said, "you short-changed me a dime."

This made Father angry. "No, black boy!" he said. "Get back to your seat!"

The little Negro obeyed, and Father could see him recounting the money. A few minutes later he returned.

"Cap'n," he said again, "you just didn't give me enough change."

"Fellow, get back to that seat, or I'll throw you off." Father roared. He caught the little man by the coat-collar and almost tossed him back into the car's interior.

Father considered the incident closed, although he ad-

mitted, when he told my mother about it, he might have actually short-changed the man.

The buzzer rang as the interurban approached the outskirts of the city near "Colored Town." It was the little Negro with the derby getting off.

Father opened the rear door and the man stepped down, turning back to look up as he did so.

"Cap'n," he said earnestly, "you just stole that dime from me!"

This made Father furious. According to company regulations, he carried at all times while on duty a .45 caliber Colt revolver. He whipped it out and, holding the grip in both hands, brought the barrel of the heavy gun down on the little Negro's derby hat with a sickening thud. The derby seemed to disintegrate, and the man sank softly to the ground without a murmur, a small trickle of blood appearing from beneath the hat.

Father closed the car-door and signaled the motorman to proceed. He left the Negro there, inert beside the tracks, his black derby forlornly tipped away from his head.

That night Father came home with a drawn look on his face. He seemed unusually gentle, and I am sure mother knew something was wrong, but she said nothing. She always let Father take his time, for she knew it would come out in due course.

Dinner was placed on the table and mother served the children first. Then she sat down beside Father.

I shall never forget the tone of his voice as he quietly told what had happened. When he had finished he had scarcely touched his food, and there was a puzzled look on his face when he completed the story.

"His blood was red, too, Mary," he said. "Red, just like mine."

I never heard Father say another word against a Negro after that. It was the sudden shock of the red blood against the black face that made Father realize the only difference between them was the color of their skin.

COMPULSORY PEACETIME MILITARY TRAINING?

ALLAN P. FARRELL

IT WILL not be long before a peacetime military-training bill is presented to Congress for debate and decision. The bearing of such a measure on the present structure of American life is so far-reaching and revolutionary that it behooves all of us to weigh the consequences seriously.

Two such bills have been introduced and are now before the House Committee on Military Affairs: the Gurney-Wadsworth Bill (H.R. 1806)—originally the Wardsworth Bill—dating from February 11, 1943, and the May Bill (H.R. 3947), dating from January 11, 1944. Both call for a full year of compulsory peacetime military or naval training for all able-bodied male citizens and aliens residing within the United States. They further specify that after the year of training the trainees shall be enrolled as reservists in the land or naval forces for a period of four or eight years, and shall take such additional refresher training as may now or hereafter be prescribed by law. In the Gurney-Wadsworth Bill the age of training is put at "eighteen years, or within three years thereafter," while in the May Bill the age is "seventeen years, or immediately upon the successful completion of the full course of an

accredited high school or preparatory school, whichever first occurs."

There seems no doubt that Congress will be asked to enact legislation along lines very similar to these two bills. The meaning of the proposal of universal military training should therefore be clearly grasped. It has nothing to do with the military needs of the present war. These are taken care of by the Selective Service Act. Nor is the proposal concerned with the military needs in the period immediately following the defeat of our enemies, while our troops will be required for policing the conquered countries. The present Selective Service Act will sufficiently satisfy these needs also, or at least its provisions can be kept in force long enough to care for them. No, the Gurney-Wadsworth and the May bills do not bear upon the current emergency. They propose *long-range and permanent* legislation—legislation which would endure, not for a few years, but until such time as the law might be repealed. Since this is the case, Americans should examine every detail of the proposal. What is its purpose? Is it sound? Is it the American way and the "only" way of attaining the purpose in view? What is the value of the arguments offered in support of it?

PURPOSE OF THE PROPOSAL

The purpose of a system of universal military training, as conceived in the Gurney-Wadsworth and the May bills, is one and the same: the future peace and security of the nation. Mr. May elaborates the idea negatively:

The experiences of the present conclusively establish that the lack of such a system results in unnecessary wars, the needless sacrifice of human life, the dissipation of the national wealth, and useless disruption of the social and economic fabric of the nation, and causes international discord and interracial misunderstandings.

In Mr. Wadsworth's belief, "there can be no effective national defense system that does not rest upon the principle that all citizens of a free state should be trained to defend their country." Therefore, both conclude, a system of universal military training is the "only" remedy for recurring wars and their disastrous consequences to the nation, the only effective defense of the peace and security of future generations.

Other proponents of the measure are not satisfied to rest their case on this single reason of peace and security. They believe that a variety of benefits would accrue to the nation. For instance, some or all of the following: A year of training under Army or Navy methods would immeasurably advance the physical fitness of our youth and would teach them the meaning of discipline and obedience, which have all but disappeared from American homes and schools. By removing hundreds of thousands of youth from the labor market, it would appreciably lighten the problem of unemployment. Common military life would serve to break down the barriers that now separate classes and races. It would provide a practical and efficient means of universalizing literacy and of giving youth the advantages of work and vocational-training programs not unlike those devised for the C.C.C. camps. Lastly, it would furnish a timely chance to put into effect a comprehensive scheme for indoctrinating youth in the American way of life.

A sampling of the opinions of prominent groups and individuals will further indicate the main lines of reasoning in favor of the proposal. The preliminary report of the American Legion's Committee on Postwar America demands:

Immediate enactment of a peacetime universal military

training act in order that the nation may remain at peace and may preserve its democratic way of life, that its manhood may learn the value of national unity through the spirit and practice of national service, and that its moral and spiritual well-being be developed.

At its recent encampment in Chicago, the Veterans of Foreign Wars expressed the conviction that "compulsory military training would contribute greatly to the physical and mental health of the country, prepare the nation's youth for acceptance of service in uniform and develop inestimable qualities of leadership." Speaking at Norwich University on August 6, Robert P. Patterson, the Under Secretary of War, told his audience that:

Until a better age arrives, let us never forget that it is military power or the lack of it that decides whether a free nation is to live or is to perish. The bulwark of our security must rest on well trained and equipped forces of a strength to command the respect of unfriendly nations. In my opinion we cannot maintain those forces and that necessary strength except by a system of universal military training for our youth.

The last example is from the New York *Daily News*. In the issue of August 28 the publisher editorialized in favor of compulsory military training in these words:

It may insure us against another war, though the history of mankind throws doubt on that. But if and when war does come, it will assure us a better chance of victory. In any event, it will pay for itself by teaching young Americans personal hygiene, venereal precautions, the value of exercise, etc., and by taking up considerable unemployment slack.

THE ISSUE OF NATIONAL SECURITY

It is a virtue of the Gurney-Wadsworth and the May bills that they rest their case for universal military training on the issue of national security. For this is a clear and a sound issue which every true American recognizes as of the highest importance. It is to be hoped that discussion and debate on the proposal will not for an instant lose sight of it.

However, granted the rightful demand for national security; granted, too, that the national policy of the future must provide permanently for adequate defense measures, and that this calls for a much larger peacetime army and navy—granted all this, two questions remain to be answered. The first is whether compulsory military training is the "only" way to guarantee the defense of our national security. The second is whether compulsory military training is the American way to do it. An unqualified *No* is the answer to both questions. In fact, it may be said that compulsory military training is not the only way because it is not the American way. This puts the burden of proof where it belongs—on the proponents of compulsory military training.

But let the negative side be heard. There are other effective ways of defending the security of the nation; for example, by increasing the number of strictly military and naval colleges, by modifying and extending the army and the navy R.O.T.C., by a sound and attractive program of voluntary recruitment. It will be objected that these means will not work. Such an objection, however, needs the proof of trial, and no trial has yet been made of these means. No doubt a compulsory and mass military system would be the easier method. Yet that does not at all prove it to be the "only" or the necessary method.

Of even greater moment is the fact that compulsory military training as proposed is un-American and a threat to our democratic way of life. It is un-American because it

goes directly counter to our long-standing and sound traditions. In time of war or serious threat of war, it has been our tradition to invoke compulsory military service—as we did prior to this war by the Selective Service Act. But our tradition in peacetime has been to recruit army and navy personnel on a volunteer basis. Nor is it a fair objection to say that because in the past we have not recruited a volunteer army and navy strong enough to impress unfriendly nations, we cannot do so in the future. Our past policy, advisedly, has been to maintain a small navy and a smaller army. That we feel we must change that policy is no argument for compulsory military training; it is an argument for better planned and more aggressive methods of recruitment.

Furthermore, the proposed legislation for compulsory military training is a threat to our democratic way of life. True, sponsors of the proposal make much of the argument that it will defend our democratic way of life against our enemies on the outside. What they overlook is the damage it would do on the home front. It would inevitably set up a professional military system like those which have done so much harm in Germany and Japan. Of course we would never become like the Germans or the Japanese! Then recall what happened in democratic France. Even a casual reading of the Gurney-Wadsworth and the May bills will reveal that the proposed legislation would establish by law a military system almost identical with most of the European systems of the past several generations. This sentence in the May Bill is particularly indicative of the type of military regime that would result: "Each trainee . . . shall be subject to such additional refresher training as may now or hereafter be prescribed by regulations promulgated by the President, or as may hereafter be prescribed by law." It is no pacifist or alarmist attitude to see in such a system a real danger that our democracy may disintegrate within while it is being defended against threats from without.

ARGUMENT BY ACCUMULATION

We can note an interesting fact. Whereas congressional and military leaders, in the main, hold fast to the one argument of national defense, every other sponsor of military training assembles several or a dozen arguments. This may mean that they recognize the weakness of even their strongest argument. But it also tends to muddle our thinking, to deceive the public into imagining that the reasons in support of universal military training are simply overwhelming. The very opposite is true. The arguments summarized and quoted above do not, either singly or by accumulation, justify peacetime military training.

A large number of the arguments betray a tragic abandonment to the Federal government of the plain and primary duties of parents and schoolmen. Such are the arguments for physical fitness, for discipline and obedience, for vocational training, for moral and spiritual well-being, and for a program of Americanization. The position of not a few public-school educators is ironic as well. In the past they have entered pleas for more teachers and more money, and sometimes excused the bad job they were doing on the score that the schools were forced to assume many of the duties of parents. Now they seem anxious to turn the whole business over to their Uncle Sam. One of them wrote in the *New York Times Magazine* (August 27) to this effect: We need compulsory military training because national security demands it, but we need it also because our public-school system is practically valueless in building boys into strong young men and because it is practically valueless in teaching youth the meaning of discipline. "Both the home

and the school have betrayed boys and girls in the last two decades. . . . A year of compulsory military training, after high school and before college, will give us men who have stability of character." This sounds very contrite. It would be better for the nation if it were accompanied by a firm purpose of amendment. The impression it leaves is that the Army and Navy qualify better than the schools as peacetime educators.

A symptom of the muddled thinking that is being done for the people is the suggestion, as an alternative to military training, of a year of "national service." There would be, roughly, two or three months of military training and nine or ten months of vocational training and education in democratic citizenship. Now, either we need twelve months of predominantly military training as a necessary measure for defending our security or we do not. If we do not, there is no justification in anybody's world for a year of "national service." If only two or three months of military training are required for the defense of our security, let us have that and no more. For the real and only issue is this: what is absolutely necessary to defend the peace and security of future generations? It is certainly not met by handing over our youth—from home, church and school—to be vocationally and ideologically trained by the Government, principally because the Government will have on its hands permanent housing facilities for some 5,000,000 men when the war is over!

In conclusion, it seems very unwise to press forward the passage of a military-training act until the war is over—indeed until the country as a whole can view the matter apart from the emergencies and emotionalisms of war. There are two reasons for this. The first is the nature of the peace we hope can be made a reality. We are wholehearted in our hope for a permanent peace. There is no essential contradiction between this hope and the realization that in an imperfect world we must also present a rather impressive armed warning to unbelievers in peace. However the clamor for compulsory military training at this time will seem equivalent to an implicit prejudging that peace plans now being formulated by the major Powers are foredoomed to failure. We should at least be willing to put off debate on peacetime conscription until we can judge better what the peace will actually be.

The second reason is that, apart from any sentimentality, the ten million men who are fighting this war for America have a right to a voice in determining our future policies. They have a big stake in the nation's future. That future, which touches closely the future of their children, would be directly affected by a system of compulsory military training. So there should be no thought of enacting it into a law until they can return and join the debate on its soundness and its need. Politicians are quoted as saying that unless the measure is passed before the end of the war it will never be passed. When they say this, they are thinking of the last time, after World War I. But they are not thinking in terms of reality. When our men come home from this war it is inconceivable that they, of all people, will not have convictions as to whether the peace and security of their children demand peacetime conscription. And they will want to have the opportunity of expressing their convictions. When those who fought the first World War returned home they found that in their absence Congress had saddled the iniquitous Prohibition Amendment upon the country. It is to be hoped that today's fighters will not find on their return that Congress has again enacted a law in their absence which they may consider no less ill-advised and objectionable.

POLAND—TEST OF UNITY

VERNON BARTLETT, British M.P. and journalist, gives a severe jolt to dreams of international amity in his London *News Chronicle* article for August 29. The Russians, he says, have been asked by the British and Americans to provide bases for an air-shuttle service to help the Poles fighting the Nazis in Warsaw; and they have refused.

The Warsaw patriots rose in revolt on the approach of the Red Army towards the city; it was a familiar pattern of internal aid to the attack from outside. But seven miles from Warsaw the Red advance has slowed down, while patriots in the city fight their hearts out against overwhelming strength, and scan the skies for the help that comes all too rarely. It does come, in British and American planes; but at a cost of life that could be greatly lessened if the fliers had Russian bases to rely on.

And while the streets of Warsaw run red with the blood of 200,000 Poles, Stalin's hand-tailored Polish National Liberation Committee suavely assures Allied correspondents that the revolt was staged for purely political purposes, to strengthen the hand of the Government-in-exile.

The question is asked: does Stalin want Poland's fighting strength to be exhausted before he moves in?

The "Big Four" are to be the main guarantee of peace in the postwar world; and every so often we are told how well they get along together. But it is as plain as a pikestaff that since the beginning of the Polish dispute Roosevelt and Churchill have had to handle Stalin like a temperamental prima donna.

Russia demands a "purge" of the Polish Government-in-Exile; Russia sets up a rival "government"—the National Liberation Committee; this Committee is "willing to offer Mr. Mikolajczyk the portfolio of Premier" (which he has already) if he and three of his colleagues will join with the Committee in forming a new Polish Provisional Government. Mr. Mikolajczyk is also asked to renounce the Constitution of 1935 in favor of that of 1921. (By what democratic process a Premier-in-exile jettisons a constitution—even a bad constitution—does not appear.) One who had watched European diplomacy under the aegis of Hitler from 1935 to 1939 might well be excused for remarking "this is where I came in."

Stalin, of course, has the great advantage over Roosevelt and Churchill of having a united Russia behind him. What he says goes. He also has the advantage of a loyal and vociferous Communist clique in every country, which will sneeze whenever Stalin takes snuff. British and American views, when opposed to Stalin's, have no such support in Russia.

One cannot help suspecting that the Russian Government has adopted the attitude which the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations adopted in 1919: "The other nations must take us on our own terms, for without us their league is a wreck and all their gains from a victorious peace are imperiled." Whether or not that was true of America in 1919, it is true of Russia today; and Stalin knows it.

But it is equally true of Britain and America and China today; and Stalin should know that too.

The great Powers must hang together, or hang separately in the noose of another war. They must either trust to a real international organization, based on a true international law, or fall back into the snare of power politics. Whatever be the justice of Stalin's claims against Poland, his methods of adjusting them are those which have already precipitated two world wars. That way madness lies.

In this election year, it should be the steady intent of the

EDIT

American people that our Government, of whatever party it may be, shall have behind it the support of a strong, unified, resolute American demand that the world shall be a world of law and that every nation, even the greatest, shall be under the law.

SHAKE-UP IN WPB

SOMETIMES it pays to wait out a crisis, and sometimes it doesn't. In the case of the controversy within the War Production Board over the timing of reconversion, the waiting technique failed spectacularly, with embarrassing results to all concerned.

That a grave difference of opinion had arisen between WPB Director, Donald Nelson, and his chief assistant, Charles E. Wilson, had been public knowledge for several months. While both men favored immediate resumption of civilian production, they were unable to agree on the specific measures that ought to be adopted. This situation was unnecessarily complicated by the open and strong opposition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the plans formulated by Mr. Nelson. All this Mr. Roosevelt knew, but he delayed drastic action partly in the hope that time would break the deadlock, and partly because he does not relish the unwelcome, but sometimes necessary, job of firing a man. The unfortunate result of this "wait-and-see" policy was a series of explosions which kept the War Production Board on page one for several disquieting days.

The first bombshell was the announcement from the White House that Mr. Nelson would soon leave for an extended visit to China. This provided fuel for sparks already in the air. A divisive whispering campaign was started to the effect that Mr. Nelson was quietly being shelved. The rumors reached such proportions that the President was forced to issue a public statement denying that the China mission spelled a change either in WPB's reconversion policies or in Mr. Nelson's status.

But Washington tongues continued to wag. A few days later, Mr. Wilson, incensed by what he called the unfair attacks of Mr. Nelson's underlings, dispatched a letter of resignation to the President. The resignation was immediately accepted. The next day, at his press conference, Mr. Roosevelt announced the appointment of J. A. Krug, formerly with the Tennessee Valley Authority and more recently with WPB, as acting chairman of WPB during Mr. Nelson's absence. At the same time, he hinted broadly that Mr. Nelson would not return to his old job. With this startling announcement, which seemingly involved a change in the Presidential mind, observers agreed that the crisis in WPB had been resolved. They agreed, too, that Mr. Nelson, in his fight with the armed services, had emerged the victor, since Mr. Krug belongs to his school of thought.

We can only regret, now that the firing has ceased, that the President's "wait-and-see" policy failed. He hoped, as did many others, that Messrs. Nelson and Wilson would patch up their differences and continue to work together. We know now how vain was that hope, but it is difficult to blame the President for having nourished it. He well knows the worth of these two men and how much the country owes to them. Mr. Nelson came to Washington in the critical days of 1941 and promptly put WPB on its feet. A year later, Mr. Wilson was called upon to break

bottlenecks in the aircraft and shipbuilding programs—a task in which he was amazingly successful. He was successful, too, in the first “Battle of Washington,” when the military authorities were blocked in their ill-advised attempt to take over the war-production program. It is ironic, indeed, that the second “Battle of Washington” found Mr. Wilson apparently siding with his former opponents against Mr. Nelson. When the full story is told, it will be found that this shift by Mr. Wilson was close to the heart of the entire controversy.

Now, for the good of the team, Mr. Wilson has returned to General Electric. It seems certain, barring another change in the Presidential mind, that Mr. Nelson will be leaving, too. They can both look back with satisfaction on a job well done. They can be assured, too, that WPB will continue to function, and function well. Mr. Krug is “young, tough, rugged and competent.” He knows his way around wartime, bureaucratic Washington. He is a good choice to restore peace to strife-torn WPB.

IRELAND AND FRANCE

NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO was a dark and bitter year in Ireland. It opened with the fierce and angry debate in the Dail over the Anglo-Irish treaty; it ended in the smoke and blood of civil war. Brother was set against brother and father against son. The glorious dawn of hope that had sprung up when England, against all expectation, agreed to a truce and to negotiations with the hunted and harried Irish leaders, was blotted out by the rising clouds of fratricidal strife.

Arthur Griffith was dead, his great heart broken by the crumbling of the work to which he devoted his life. Michael Collins walked in Griffith's funeral procession—“Mick Collins,” the gay, irrepressible Mick, who walked the streets of Dublin with a price of twenty-five thousand dollars on his head—and ten days after Griffith was laid to rest in Glasnevin, Michael Collins lay dead on an Irish hillside, killed by an Irish bullet.

And these men were traitors, it was whispered—these men, and hundreds like them, men who for two years had scarcely known what it was to sleep in a bed or to stay in the same place two nights running, men who had risked everything that Ireland might be free.

Why? What was their treason? Faced with the alternatives of a compromise peace or the renewal of a war that they felt to be hopeless, they had chosen peace. The wisdom of their choice was an honest and debatable question; but Ireland must remember with shame that there were those—not many, perhaps, but still too many—who, not content with impugning their wisdom, could stoop, in the fever of partisanship, to attack their honor and their loyalty to their country.

These are the memories that recur to one who lived in the Ireland of 1922, as he reads the news from France. In the dark night that followed the great collapse, men's minds must have been confused and their hearts embittered. It is so easy to cry “collaborationist” against those who do not adopt one's own attitude to the invader. We must hope that in the search for undoubted traitors, men who may have been honestly mistaken will not be branded with the stigma of disloyalty.

V.D. CAMPAIGN

ADVERTISERS are being urged by the U. S. Public Health Service and the Office of War Information to “bring V.D. into the open.” V.D., of course might mean Victory Day and a Victory Day campaign might prove as fruitful as all our War Loan campaigns.

Unfortunately, the V.D. that is to be brought out into the open (“Be modern, discuss V.D. frankly and openly, wherever you are, in any company,”) does not stand for Victory. V.D. stands for venereal disease.

Why are advertisers being urged to use all the power and color of expert advertising, in magazines and newspapers, in subway and street-car posters, in comic strips and on the radio, to make the United States V.D. conscious? Because, we are told, there are five million people in the United States today suffering from V.D. Because, according to the sponsors of the campaign, the disease is growing at the alarming rate of a million cases a year. Because a feeling of shame keeps some of the sufferers from seeking a cure, all sense of shame is to be removed by advertising, and people are to be encouraged, presumably, to ask one another: “How's your V.D.?” just as casually as they now inquire about a headache. Because ignorance may lead some people to contract the disease in all innocence, the whole country is to be deluged with knowledge.

Naturally, all of us are interested in checking the spread of social diseases, and in bringing to those infected—innocently or through their own sinful fault—speedy and lasting relief; but we doubt the wisdom, the advisability, the morality and the necessity of a nation-wide advertising campaign for the purpose.

We doubt, first of all, if many of the five million sufferers are ignorant of the disease, its dangers, the possibility of a cure. We doubt if many adults in the United States are unaware of the existence or the source of V.D. and the manner in which it is contracted. There has been an abundance of information on all these points. Still more information is not going to deter those who deliberately put themselves in the way of disease, nor is it going to save those who through no fault of their own become victims of it.

But a sense of shame may keep many from seeking a cure? Perhaps. In the present state of knowledge, we doubt that. But grant it. Is the answer a nation-wide campaign that will remove all sense of shame connected with V.D.? An honest campaign cannot remove all sense of shame. A dishonest campaign, no matter how humanitarian its ideals, cannot accomplish lasting good. An honest campaign would have to start with the fact that the great majority of V.D. victims acquired the disease through a deliberate violation of God's and nature's laws. An honest campaign cannot avoid stressing sin, and shame is part of sin. An honest campaign must tell the people that the surest cure is prevention, and prevention means avoiding the sins that bring on V.D.

The love American parents have for their children, combined with the good business sense of most advertisers, will undoubtedly spike this campaign before it starts. American people simply do not wish to discuss V.D. in any and all company, nor will they have much patience with advertisers bringing V.D. into kitchen and dining-room and parlor.

An honest campaign must be a moral education, not suggesting ways and means of avoiding infection while enjoying sin, but stressing the moral obligations of avoiding the sin, and the further moral obligation of undergoing a cure for the protection of the innocent. We doubt the qualifications of advertisers for such a campaign.

LITERATURE AND ART

REMEMBERING ERIC GILL: GILL AND THOREAU

RILEY HUGHES

IT IS amusing to consider that Ralph Waldo Emerson would perforce have preferred Eric Gill to his Concord neighbor and handy-man, Henry David Thoreau. Gill, after all, was the father of a family. Thus he led, in Emerson's view, a life more representative of humanity than did a man who never married and never made a jest. The fact remains, however, that the thoughts and careers of the two men, Thoreau and Gill, provide some rather astonishing parallels. There is Walden and there is Ditchling (and its successors). Both thunder against the industrial age; both hold the "art-world" in contempt; both had nourishment from the East; both worked with their hands. And both reacted to remarkably the same range of circumstances, from railroads to Ruskin, at times from the same point of view, at others from the vastly removed points at which, after all, each stood.

To begin with, the two men were artists, with the artist's special need for sharp observation of phenomena. For each the direct experience of reality was humbling. In *Cape Cod* Thoreau speaks of seeing an old man's bared legs; the reporter in him noted their baby smoothness and the old man's pride in them. Gill would lift a friend's trouser leg to observe contour and muscle for sculpture. Again, the artist's love of life in Gill could be offended by a friend who said, "I hate apples." One thinks of the artist-economist in Thoreau reporting with pain of an acquaintance to whom apples were "fair as dollars."

Both fled from a background of Puritanism, Thoreau to the point of setting himself up as a mystic, transcendentalist and philosopher; Gill, his feet on a humbler road, to the finding of the Catholic Church. For both, the old order had become a new disorder; when a strong man draws in air to fill his lungs, Thoreau boasted, institutions crumble in the vacuum. Both—the fine phrase is Gill's—strove "to make a cell of good living in the chaos of our world." Personal order—the desire to front only the essential facts of life—was their ruling passion. Gill attempted, says David Jones, "to make a unity of all his activities, to make the daily round as much an ordered, rational and controlled thing as his carving." Thoreau took firm steps to see that his life would not be frittered away by detail.

A cell in the midst of chaos need not make one unaware or smugly remote, and neither (despite a certain priggishness in Thoreau that caused him to shun shanties in his search for "delicate wild flowers") fully withdrew. The issue was, plainly, whether we should live like baboons or like men. And it is in their outcry against the baboon civilization, capitalist-industrialism, that Thoreau and Gill stand in their essential relationship. The very word commercialism was like a knell to Thoreau from his Commencement essay onward. Modern cities—"The more barrels, the more Boston" and Birmingham, London's "rival wen"—were to both anathema. The total content of Gill's writing is taken up with his protest on our civilization: *Carthago delenda est*. "Our whole civilization is wrong from top to bottom, and past remedy, too." Thoreau saw the meanness of life about him—the dizzying rush to the city and to California, the

railroad, the newspaper, the postoffice—and he published it. He chose to set his challenge in the contemplation of nature and, more often than professional Waldenites seem aware, of God. Gill, of course, to whom the dedicated work of man is infinitely more worthy than the natural world, even when "clear and heavenly" in its beauty, held for the city, for the Jerusalem of peace and charity.

The chief superstitions of their age (for although Thoreau was dead two decades before Gill was born their age was, monotonously, one) were the worship of wealth and the worship of science. Gill's program for England hit at both, but not in a rapt spirit of Victorian romantic medievalism. He asked not a return to the loom or the hand press; he required simply that England become poor and needy. What Gill determined deductively, Thoreau arrived at through day-to-day inductions of penetrating psychological power and analysis. If Gill saw the structural decay implicit in institutions, Thoreau could cite the greed and disintegration to be observed in his neighbors. His conclusion that "the ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward" is surely not so thoroughgoing as any of a dozen of Gill's, but it hurts none the less.

As critics of society, both saw in "civilized" clothes a symptom of tyranny. Although neither quite had Miniver Cheevy's zeal for iron clothing, the lack of relation between clothing and character and the grotesque demands of machine-wise fashion repelled them. "Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes," says Thoreau; Gill would concur. One should know, Thoreau feels, the intimate history of every piece of clothing one wears; it should be the subject of family anecdote and saga. Though both saw in modern clothing the crowning absurdity of man's indignity under Puritanism-capitalism, they proceeded from divergent philosophical views. Thoreau was Rousseauistic. The "object of clothing is . . . in this state of society, to cover nakedness." Gill was thoroughly the Thomist. "Give a naked man a coat," he writes, "and he will be more of a man than before . . . in the coat he recognizes what is becoming to his natural gentility and without which he cannot live up to his nature." To man in his consciousness of being the temple of the Holy Spirit, finery is proper and the head-dress a garment of special tribute to his rationality.

Eric Gill had many and repeated views on work, leisure, and—his was a more sophisticated period in the pendulum swing than Thoreau's—the leisure state. In comparison with Gill's, Thoreau's ideas of work and leisure are superficial. We have no work of any consequence; we lead a Saint Vitus' dance; we live with hurry and waste of life. "Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails." And so on. Yet Thoreau's parable of the Indian who had innocently woven baskets without first having created an artificial demand for them could properly form the initial letter to any of Gill's many chapters on what he was too polite to call civilization. Thoreau was equally aware that more was wrong than an obtuseness to the poetry of earth; his references to the degraded poor are not only fired with sympathy, they get to causes. He would have been pleased with Gill's discovery of the touching bond between the poor and rich: the pain of hunger and the equal pain of indigestion. He would have agreed, too, with Gill's stern dictum that the end of leisure is more work, and not leisure the end of work.

The clear line that rings Walden Pond and bounds much of Thoreau's experience is deceptive. There is clarity in his prose, and a sort of clarity and integrity in his life and action, but at the base of things lies muddiness of thought. In his preoccupation with the ideal he drank as deeply and no more wisely than any contemporary transcendentalist of the miasma from the Rhine. The source of Thoreau's lover's quarrel with the world and of his sharing with Emerson a preference for man over men—and *die Natur über alles*—is, as Paul Elmer More has shown, in the romantic *ich*, with its "irony, aloofness, and sacred idleness." The romantic "I" is irresponsible and worlds removed from Gill's realistic plea for the responsibility owing to the nature of man. In true romantic vein, Thoreau's aloofness finds all society diseased "and the best more so." Nature, which for Gill exists that art may improve upon it, is, for the romantic egoist, at last the final refuge from man. "If this world were all man, I should lose all hope," Thoreau admits, confessing, with true transcendental arrogance, his inability to share in a common humanity. The crux of the difference between the two men lies, finally, in their concept of humility. Despite quirks and spikes, both exercised personal humility, Thoreau not without a touch of *Weltschmerz*. But Gill had doctrinal humility and Thoreau had not.

GILL THE MAN

THEODORE YARDLEY

ERIC GILL, stone carver, essayist and prophet, died at a hospital in England during the Autumn of 1940.

When a great man dies amid the lamentations of the world, obituaries sound solemnly from our radios and black headlines stream across our favorite daily paper. For a short time, the journalist who can scrape up a few hitherto unpublished facts and publish them in slick enough form, reaps a rich harvest. Then comes a lull, and indifference settles upon a forgetful news-gorged public. It is only after this interval that the exact measure of the greatness of a human being can be gauged.

Eric Gill has triumphantly survived the acid test. Today the message carried by his wholesome, magnetic personality spreads a clear stream of sanity across a harassed world.

His stone carvings—the colossal awe inspiring re-creation of Adam in the foyer of the League of Nations council hall at Geneva, gigantic tomb of the dead hopes of an epoch; the ten panels on the New Museum at Jerusalem and many other famous works—will serve as monuments to his mastery of stone until some new war shatters them to white dust. His numerous books and writings going into reprint after reprint—all these are too well known and beyond my power to praise. But it is Gill, the man, whose stature grows in clarity and strength.

I came in great trouble to Eric Gill during the tense days before the blitz on London. I did not know him—a chance word from a friend had set me on the road to the rolling countryside of Buckinghamshire. The chalky track to the little plateau on top of the hill is very steep and the sweat was running freely when I had finished my climb. It was not until I first saw the long, steep-pitched red roofs of an English homestead built around a square of grass, that I realized the fulness of my presumption. I had brought a suitcase prepared to spend the night.

I can't quite remember what I had expected—perhaps a gracious interview in a book-lined study; but somehow I found myself in the kitchen. It was a large room with a

huge open fireplace and a dresser bright with domestic copper and pottery. Dinner was being prepared and I stood uncertainly amid a hubbub of activity.

Eric Gill came in. He was a small bearded man, curiously fawnlike, in a brown smock which fell below his knees. Stone-dust was upon his shoulders. His eyes behind the spectacles were kind and merry, and at once I knew with certainty that my rather desperate need would be relieved. Our talk? Well, fresh from London I talked too much and I recall with shame the nonsense that spewed forth. He listened very quietly and the warm friendliness didn't leave his eyes. Later I knew that he would leave an urgent piece of work to listen to the shallow babblings of some curious visitor, rather than offend a human being.

The burden I placed on him accepted and discussed with surprising shrewdness, he began to talk. The message was simple—the oft-repeated theme of the dignity of work and the absolute importance, the final importance of the individual. He seemed to sense my real need—that inner need which all of us have but which we hide not only from the world but from ourselves. He talked with quiet certainty but with a humility in the presence of another human being, profoundly moving.

That was the secret of Eric Gill—his humility before all manifestations of God's creation, and his passionate love of human nature in all its aspects: its frailties, its strength and even its inconsistencies. He was moved tremendously by the suffering of others, but to him the greatest evil was always the dehumanizing effects of modern mass-produced society upon the individual. Perhaps this explains his growing influence in a world held tightly in the grip of mass events.

On that Spring evening one remark he made has stuck fast in my mind. We were walking in the garden, and he stopped and looked up at a laburnum tree flaunting its thick dazzling yellow blooms against the high, faded sky. "Nobody but God would have dared to use color in that way."

There spoke the artist, and he was a very great artist whose works are sought by connoisseurs. His heart, however, was in the perfect craftsmanship of his simple, incisive lettering on stone. His type-face designs are famous, bringing beauty to the announcements of commercial enterprise. "I really do think I can beat the industrialists on their own ground," he said with boyish pride. Of fine art he said—and I quote from his *Autobiography*: "... I couldn't help thinking, I simply could not help thinking that I would rather have brick-laying and turnip hoeing done well and properly and high art go the devil (if it must), than have high art flourishing and brick-laying and turnip hoeing be the work of slaves." And yet even in the expression of such views he was not ashamed to confess to human frailty. He once said with his boyish grin: "I must confess it's rather nice to hear somebody swanking because they've acquired a 'Gill.'"

I knew Eric Gill for little more than a year, and in that short space of time I felt the full sunlight of a man whose strength lay in his complete fidelity to a conception of life deep-rooted in the living truth at the core of all things.

I came back on leave to my home near his. At the top of the hill I stopped to drink a pint of beer. The landlord said: "Have you heard that Mr. Gill's dead?" My beer was finished quietly. There was just nothing I could say. After the beer I felt absolutely empty, and went down the lane. The day before had been his funeral. The long stream of celebrities and newsmen following the farm cart carrying the coffin was preceded by a barking sheepdog. On his simple tombstone in a Buckinghamshire churchyard are the words: "Eric Gill Stone Carver."

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BOOKS

HOME FROM THE WARS

THE VETERAN COMES BACK. By Willard Waller. The Dryden Press. \$2.75

WITH SCARS on their souls as well as their bodies, and with habits of ordinary life repressed by military discipline, civilian armies bring back problems that do not pass with the signing of the peace. War has snatched thousands of men from their native communities, re-formed them in a mold designed to turn out toughened fighting units in the shortest possible time, and then dumps them once again onto a civilian world that has managed to get along without them, and to which they are now strangers whose very coming may be resented. (If veterans are gregarious, this is the explanation.) Victor or vanquished, the nation finds on its hands a large minority which the art of war has unfitted for civilian living.

History provides plentiful instances of soldiers longing for peace, love, home and family, and then finding they do not fit into the dreamed-of life once it is theirs. Romance is swallowed up in the commonplace, and daily living becomes a monotonous routine. Depression, unemployment, physical and mental handicaps only add to the veteran's trials and increase his resentment.

Americans should admit that our country has achieved but modest success in allaying the often justifiable grievances of its ex-soldiers. The Revolution left disaffected armies and veteran-aided rebellion. Neglect impoverished the Civil War veterans of the South, and bitterness led many to swell the ranks of the Klan. Those of the North finally found courage and leadership "to drive a six-mule team right through the Treasury." Memories of post-World War I are still with us, as should be the failure to provide adequately for the men immediately on their return. In the course of our history the billions poured out in pensions have not satisfactorily rewarded the men who were asked to sacrifice youth, limbs and life. Money could not blot out their heritage of unemployment, maladjustment and even ingratitude. What is needed is more planning and understanding of the problem, and not more money paid out too late to the wrong people.

Those who incline to think of veterans in terms of pensions, or who want to put off planning until the peace is signed, will find here a tonic for their sluggishness. Parents, priests, counselors, educators have a job to do, and they should read this book to find answers to the questions that crowd their minds. Those with responsibility for employment and education should read and ponder. Any who feel like being half-hearted and cherish hopes of keeping domestic peace by pension and dole, need to reflect that a veteran civilian army is, in the author's words, a "Damoclean sword" and that this time it is a huge one.

The author is a professor at Barnard College, Columbia University, a veteran of the last war and of a family of veterans. He is a student of war who has studied the social problems of his fellow veterans. He speaks openly and forcefully, with a knowledge that comes with experience. He states bluntly that a new social art must be learned—that of rehabilitation—and that we may not shirk the responsibility.

With some of the psychological analysis we cannot agree. The so-called "sadistic-aggressive tendency," frequently referred to, is a poor explanation of why a peace-loving man can be brought to fight and kill. Also "hatred" has a deeper moral significance than is implied in the determination to conquer even at the cost of the enemy's life. It involves more than dislike of his methods and hatred of his objectives. These are legitimate; genuine hatred is not. More attention could have been paid to the religious solution of many a moral problem the soldier has to face, and prayer and faith should be held up as a solvent for disillusionment and bitterness. For some human miseries only Grace is a solution. This criticism is not intended to minimize the other important aspects of this most important book. The limitations are mentioned only to point out that the supernatural side of rehabilitation needs some serious consideration.

WILLIAM J. GIBBONS

PITFALLS TO PEACE

WOODROW WILSON AND THE LOST PEACE. By Thomas A. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. \$3

A STUDENT of the author once inadvertently left in plain view a note scribbled during a lecture on Woodrow Wilson's mistakes: "Too bad Bailey couldn't have been there to tell them how to do it." The Stanford professor wants it known that he would be very distressed if his criticisms gave aid and comfort to isolationism. Without pretending he could do better himself, the writer aims in this book to give a critical survey of the part played by the United States in the Peace Conference of 1919, with particular attention to Wilson and to American public opinion. Something went wrong. He is interested in summing up the factors which on the part of the United States contributed to the "Lost Peace."

The lessons left by Wilson's major errors in strategy and method are already well conned by today's statesmen. Wilson's disregard of the Senate's treaty-making power is not being repeated today. Secretary Hull has been careful enough to acquaint fully the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with the plans of the State Department. Every effort, too, is being made to put the problem of world security on a non-partisan basis. The more inflammable questions pertaining to the peace settlement are postponed, pending the organization of an international security organization. At Dumbarton Oaks, the question of boundaries has not been on the agenda. Wilson failed to educate public opinion; this can hardly be said of the technique today.

But, in avoiding old mistakes, are new pitfalls being guarded against? The planners of Paris were far from being "an assembly of demi-gods." Readers of this book cannot escape the realization that the best-laid plans can never keep a comfortable lead over the passions of revenge, greed, national pride and political ambition. These passions have plagued human relations from the dawn of history. They break out in ever new shapes and forms. Earth dwellers of this mid-century should not think that plugging up the old holes will make the vessel leak-proof.

Professor Bailey's account of the Saar, Fiume and Shantung crises at Paris, two of which caused Wilson some major headaches, makes it clear that there is no issue so small that it cannot become vital overnight and threaten to torpedo a whole peace conference. And the malignant imp of absolute sovereignty will put in an appearance again under the name of "security." Territorial ambitions on the score of military security are a strong temptation to the victors. In this the United States may become the worst offender. It is noteworthy that our author comments:

If our statesmen adopt a policy of acquiring everything that can be purchased or seized, for fear that at some distant day and in some unforeseen manner it may be used to our disadvantage, then we shall surely embark on a sea filled with more than ordinary peril.

One of Wilson's mistakes was his insistence that the League of Nations be made an integral part of the Treaty of Versailles. The Dumbarton Oaks world-security conference makes it plain that the peace settlement and the international-security organization are being put in separate pigeonholes. In congratulating themselves that they have learned their lesson this time, our statesmen are likely to overlook other perils in the new procedure. Will the shipwreck of world harmony take place this time on the peace settlement, rather than on the G. I. O.? It is hard at this time to estimate the ultimate consequences of the Russo-Polish boundary dispute. Probably the statesmen are very happy that the war will end with this vexing crisis fairly on the way to solution. It yet remains to be seen whether this episode will have a healthy effect down the years. For instance, at some future date will the General International Organization support with enthusiasm the sanctity of the Russo-Polish boundary now being set up on Stalin's initiative? When Wilson is criticized for high-handed methods in determining boundaries, the question can be asked whether we have learned this lesson.

Wilsonians will not be pleased with the treatment here and there accorded the President. A certain flippant attitude, which probably helped to keep the author's students awake, seems out of place in print.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM



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CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE

SEA-BORNE: THIRTY YEARS A-VOYAGING. By James B.

Connolly. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, on a mild summer day, with Boston harbor in front of us, James B. Connolly handed me a book, saying: "Here is English written mostly as it shouldn't be, but it is Hiker's way." The book was his then latest, *Hiker Joy*, reviewed in *AMERICA* July 10, 1920. A few weeks later, Mr. Connolly wrote the reviewer:

Today I overhauled the back numbers of *AMERICA*, and there was your review of *Hiker Joy*, for which I thank you. Double thanks I should say, perhaps, for Bill and Hiker, who never either of them preached Catholic dogma.

But both Hiker and Bill are saturated with Catholic philosophy, as are all, I think, of my decent characters.

And there is a point. A fellow like myself can do about every good deed his hero does, prompted by a motive which is the result of Catholic training or inheritance, but if he does not get up on a platform and shout Catholic dogma to every passing ear, our Catholic journals will never let on, by the faintest sign, that they know he is on earth at all.

That was twenty-four years ago. Catholic journalism has grown up since then. *AMERICA* of those days was the first Catholic journal to give James B. Connolly credit for what he was and is, a real American Catholic writer.

Having followed James B. Connolly for twenty-four of his thirty years a-voyaging, having read all his books and reviewed a few of them, I may say that he has what it takes to be an American Catholic writer. This conviction was borne in on me anew when I read *Sea-Borne: Thirty years A-voyaging*.

It is a good book. It is a good book for those who are familiar with Connolly, and for those who may be reading him for the first time. It is a good book, for it is American and Catholic. And so it is good for the adult and just as good for the youth.

Sea-Borne is an autobiography, the story of the venture-some, fascinating life of no ordinary lover of the sea, who does not write about the sea, but who writes the sea. James B. Connolly once expressed the difference perfectly, when Grozier of the old Boston *Post* was trying to get him interested in a literary venture that amounted to shortening some of the classic novels. Grozier had the "Digest" idea in his head, which has since taken such a hold on American readers. Grozier had quoted Kipling to Connolly and Connolly's reply was:

Kipling has written some great stories but he never in his life wrote a sea story. Writing things about people who happen to be on a ship does not make a sea story. In *Captains Courageous*, Kipling gathers a gang of men, puts them aboard a vessel which has all the gear of a fisherman, moves them about, shoves them out to sea, and from his shore-filled note-book tells us what they did out there. A fine line of mis-used sea words, and mis-information about fishing life is the outcome.

Grozier had submitted a list of sea writers to James H. Connolly, among them Kipling, Kingsley and Stevenson. Connolly wrote in reply:

But where is the American Cooper in this sea list? There is more of the *feeling* of the sea in one good chapter of Cooper than in all of Stevenson, Kingsley, and Kipling rolled together. Clark Russell has more of it than the last three. But *our own* Cooper! He could feel the sea, not merely take notes of it on soft, sunny days. No endless pages of description from Cooper. In a hundred words he describes the French frigate lifting above the horizon, and as she comes on, you see her copper bottom shining in the morning sun. And you can see it shine.

That is keen criticism. The beauty of it is, the writer is not academic enough to be conscious of his critical powers. But he has them, as he has, to a fine degree, great creative power.

Read *Sea-Borne* and you will find both these qualities flashing out from sentence and paragraph and page. Read it

anyhow for the joy of a good story, a life-story throbbing with life.

In this instance the book blurb does more than blurb. It calls James B. Connolly America's favorite sea-story writer. He is supremely that. He is more than that. He is a real American Catholic writer. **GERALD C. TREACY**

TAR HEEL APOSTLE: THOMAS FREDERICK PRICE, CO-FOUNDER OF MARYKNOLL. By John C. Murrett, M.M. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

MARYKNOLL has many reasons for being proud. A chief one is that it had Father Price for co-founder. And surely much of Maryknoll's success stems from his spiritual guidance during those formative years, as well as from the example he gave budding missionaries of what a real missionary should be. He had had plenty of experience along mission lines himself before Maryknoll came into existence. As "Priest Price" he worked for twenty-five years among his fellow Tar-Heels, hoping always to convert the entire State of North Carolina, and finding the going the reverse of smooth. It can't be much fun, for instance, to have doors slammed in your face or vegetables aimed in your direction—even by the invincibly ignorant. But, devoted as he was to his Tar Heels, his apostolic horizon had no bounds. "Missionary work, both at home and abroad, is the great work of the Church, and no heart is truly Catholic that does not sympathize with it," he wrote in *Truth*, the magazine he founded and edited. And when Father James Anthony Walsh of the Boston Propagation office, at the first Washington Conference of the Catholic Missionary Union, expressed the theory that vocations for the foreign missions would result in vocations for the home missions, he agreed wholeheartedly—it was his own theory, too.

Frederick Thomas Price was born in 1860 in Wilmington, North Carolina, the son of convert parents. His father was the editor of the *Wilmington Daily Journal*, which may explain how printer's ink got into his veins. His vocation to the priesthood manifested itself very early and was encouraged by no less a person than Cardinal—then Bishop—Gibbons. As a boy he had prayed to be "a very good priest." That prayer was answered and, with holiness of life—a holiness which impressed even pagans—he united a most lovable personal character. His far-sighted zeal left no avenue untried if it might lead people to God. And one is constantly being astonished by the modernity of his views—views on rural life, say, on catechists and textbooks. He was distinguished, too, for his common-sense ways of attacking problems and for his deep devotion to Our Lady—a pilgrimage to Lourdes greatly influenced his inner life and continued to color it thereafter. He went to China with Maryknoll's first band of missionaries, and died there in 1919.

Father Murrett, in this fine biography of a great American Catholic, tells a story which, especially if read in conjunction with Mr. Sargent's *All the Day Long*, covers a history-making period, a period when young Catholic America grew up. It is cheering to note the spread of mission spirit and activity in our country since that time: we seem almost in a different world. And to Maryknoll—and Father Price—goes much of the credit for the change. **PAULA KURTH**

REV. WILLIAM L. LUCEY, S.J., instructor in History at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has contributed to the *Catholic Historical Review*, the *New England Quarterly* and the *Historical Bulletin*.

CLYDE B. RAGSDALE, former feature editorial writer for the San Angelo, Texas, *Standard-Times*, is deeply interested in the race problem, and has contributed to the *Bostonian*, *Popular Science* and other publications.

REV. LOUIS E. SULLIVAN, S.J., is Religion Editor on the *AMERICA* staff.

RILEY HUGHES is professor of English at Providence College.

THEODORE YARDLEY lives in North Aylesbury, England.

PAULA KURTH, of Detroit, has written books on the Missions and edits the *Journal of the Associated Alumnae of the Sacred Heart*.

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THEATRE

SONG OF NORWAY. We have all been looking forward to the *Song of Norway*, and we are not disappointed, save in the book. That is so lacking in what it should have, and contains so much it should not have, that the best thing to do is to forget it and concentrate on the excellent features of the Edwin Lester-Lee Shubert production.

These are numerous and charming. As we all knew in advance, *Song of Norway* is a two-act operetta, telling the life story of Edvard Grieg and giving us much of his best music, "adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest." Grieg's music is enchanting and we hear many of our old favorites, including such well loved selections as *Ich Liebe Dich*, *To Spring*, the *A-Minor Concerto* and the *Peer Gynt* suite—all handsomely credited to the composer by the adapters! The dancers selected from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo are what they should be, and the principals, the company and the chorus can act and dance and sing. That doesn't leave us much to complain about except the efforts of Irra Petina, the Metropolitan Opera star, to "pep up" the libretto.

The plot, almost too feeble to touch on, has to do with Grieg, his wife, his friend Richard Nordraak, and an opera singer, Louisa Giovanni, played and sung by Miss Petina, whose voice is much better than her acting. Helena Bliss, the wife, who wholly captures Grieg in the end, is charming in her lesser role.

A nice feature of the operetta is the appearance of a realistic Hendrik Ibsen, successfully played by Dudley Clements, to enhance our enjoyment of the superb *Peer Gynt* suite as ballet music. Also, the singing of *Ich Liebe Dich* by Lawrence Brooks, who has the leading role, is alone worth a visit to the Imperial Theatre. But Mr. Brooks throws in other old favorites for good measure.

To jot down the attractions of the operetta in the order of their importance, I give the first place to the music, the second to the superb Ballet Russe with Alexandra Danilova as its leading dancer, the third to the acting, singing and dancing of the principals and of the company as a whole. The fourth honors go to the admirable sets and costumes, which would have an earlier place on the list if all those other features were not so satisfying. It should be added that the excellent singing and dancing ensembles are directed by George Balanchine.

You have in *Song of Norway* a fine evening's entertainment, despite the eight dollars a seat the producers charged on the opening night—reducing it later to six. Mr. Lester and Mr. Lee Shubert can each be reasonably sure of getting back without too much delay his original investment of one hundred thousand dollars.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

BRIDE BY MISTAKE. Light in its plot material and also light and gay in its fun, this comedy about an heiress who poses as her own secretary to test the affections of the man she loves is passable warm weather filmfare. There is nothing substantial or thought-provoking in the complicated affairs of "the richest girl in the world" who sets out to discover the true feelings of a convalescent flyer who has captured her heart. Laraine Day and Marsha Hunt satisfactorily play the parts of the two girls who swap identities, while Alan Marshal is likable as the uniformed Romeo. That perennial laugh-getter, Allyn Joslyn, does a fine job and is capably aided by Slim Summerville. *Adults* who like comedy of the screwball variety will be passably diverted. (RKO-Radio)

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS. Maybe the Andrews Sisters or the catchy songs they sing will help to drag this offering out of the lower entertainment brackets. Something is certainly needed to do it. Leo Carrillo, that old stalwart, does his best but, unfortunately, it is not good enough. Topical interest is whipped up when a merchant seaman, erstwhile ranch owner, returns on a furlough with a group of buddies, to find his ranch managed and run by women. Carrillo provides the menace as a cattle rustler, but before the finale he reforms and the resentful boss is completely reconciled to the feminine influence in ranching. *Mature* audiences will find this mediocre stuff. (Universal)

BARBARY COAST GENT. With Wallace Beery as the title character, it is not surprising to find the comedy so heavy-handed that it falls with a thud most of the time. If there are many moviegoers left who find fun in the grimacing, smirking and intolerable coyness of Mr. Beery's clowning, I am not numbered among them. As a spruced-up road agent, he leaves the Barbary Coast after a shooting fray. The story follows the hero's adventures when he arrives in Gold Town and stumbles on an honest gold claim. Because the fellow is so innately crooked, his past catches up with him and, in order to continue to promote his mine, he indulges in stage-coach hold-ups. Binnie Barnes and John Carradine have thankless roles. *Objection* must be made, since it presents crime and deceit sympathetically. (MGM)

ONE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT. That ex-criminal Boston Blackie proves the adage: "set a thief to catch a thief." Though the reformed crook is suspected when the Blue Star, 106-karat diamond, is stolen from a War Relief Exhibit, he proves his innocence to the police and aids in trapping the thief. Chester Morris is cast as Blackie. Passable but unimportant *family* fare. (Columbia)

MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

NEWSPAPERS in various parts of the land have lately been printing dispatches about old folk. . . . There was a story concerning the last Confederate soldier in a Southern city. He wandered off from the local Confederate home and died soon after being found. . . . There was a dispatch about the last Union soldier in one of the Northern cities. . . . More detailed than these was the account of an old lady in the Middle West. . . . This old lady is ninety-six years old and still living. . . . She does not relish the idea of all those years and has erected a set-up in which she can imagine she is not so old after all. . . . Around the big ancestral home in which she lives are portraits and photographs showing her as she was in her prime but none exhibiting her likeness after she had moved on in years. . . . In the whole house there is no mirror. . . . Not having peered into a mirror in more than half a century, she has not remotest idea of what she looks like now, and she shrinks from finding out. . . . She has never seen the myriad wrinkles on her face, never beheld her withered figure. . . . There is a carefully contrived fiction on the part of her friends to the effect that she does not look her age. . . . They tell her she could pass for sixty or less, and she believes them. . . . This old lady is not the only one to lose beauty and strength and vigor through the biting

action of the years. . . . All old ladies—and not only old ladies, but great institutions and powerful nations—do.

There is, however, one exception to this all-embracing law. . . . There is one Old Lady who shows no signs of senility. . . . One Old Lady without a wrinkle. . . . One who has no horror of mirrors. . . . When friends tell her she does not show her age it is no carefully contrived fiction. . . . They mean it. . . . The fact is she *does* not show her age. Even her foes have to admit that. . . . Portraits of her in youth and portraits of her today reveal the same image. . . . The contemporaries of her younger days are long since dead and buried. . . . And yet she is just as vigorous as her contemporaries of 1944. . . . She is very much older than ninety-six. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that she was just about beginning her career when she was ninety-six. . . . Believe it or not, she is actually more than nineteen hundred years old. . . . And she can pass for fifty. . . . Though very old, she is, strange to say, very young in every way. . . . Indeed, nothing in the world today seems younger or more full of life than she does. . . . And she is going to be very much older before she passes on. . . . She is going to live until the end of the human race on earth—until Judgment Day. . . . She is the Catholic Church.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

ART

LATE stages of the war in Europe have brought increased emphasis to the matter of preserving art, both in the form of buildings and objects, from the ravages of war. Naturally, the preservation of any useful, good thing is reasonable and should be encouraged. Mixed in with this agitation about the fate of historic, artistic monuments, however, one perceives a questionable point of view. This takes the form of a museum concept of art, as distinguished from one that regards art as a living, social factor. The emphasis is on the past of art, and is in alignment with the mental attitude on this matter which also inspires and fosters museums. In reality the important matter is not so much the preservation of art as its creation. And surrounding oneself with old art often deters, rather than promotes, artistic creation.

This by no means denies the pleasure one gets from looking at old art; it does, however, raise the question of its practical, social value to us, who must create our own art or confess ourselves culturally atrophied. While not stated in these terms, a disturbed awareness of a lack of social integration is apparent in American art museums. This has led to well intentioned efforts to humanize these tombs of art. I recall one such institution whose publicity referred to it as the "town's living room." The element of absurdity in this description was not apparent to the museum authorities, nor was the valiant effort of its able director to achieve this impossible, homelike atmosphere deemed incongruous. In back of his mistaken effort, moreover, we can see an ill defined sense that there was something wrong with the whole idea of museums. The rectifying solution was to try to make the place look like a home, a thing of totally different character.

The result of this lack of social integration in museums is that vital art is always produced in opposition to their standards. This does not mean that such art is not often shown in such places. When it is, however, it manages to look as if it did not belong there; a gesture of liberality gave it place. Even a museum, such as the Modern in New York, which started from scratch with a different type of building and decor, by no means escapes the incongruities that are inevitable in anomalous institutions. In this building a show-room character was attempted, which was a better functional idea than that around which most museums were planned. A museum, after all, has points resembling a commercial show-room, since each is made to display things.

While this museum is devoted to the showing of the more radical contemporary art, it is interesting to see that its opposition to a *traditional academic* has only been supplanted by an effort to create a *modern academic*. Herein is a parallel to the classic instance of the illiberality of the professed liberal. There is, after all, nothing more reactionary than an *advanced* position when it lacks true, philosophical basis. Its so-called "progress" is toward sterility, or self-destruction. Miss Emily Genauer, Art Critic of the New York *World-Telegram*, did a bit of useful debunking of this Museum in the July *Harper's*. It was a general assault, but the victim was so vulnerable that many of her shots went home. It makes good reading and helps dispel the idea that museums, and the standards they try to elevate into norms, are at all in a sacrosanct category. In fact, it would be safer to assume the contrary is true.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

MORE HIGH MASSES

EDITOR: Being the proud owner of a *Saint Andrew Daily Missal*, I was particularly interested in Father Ellard's article, *The Big Book on the Altar*. There is one tendency touched upon in this paper on which I should like to comment. This is the statement regarding the gradual change from the Solemn High Mass as the Mass rite to the present status of Low Mass as the common form of Mass.

It is my belief that this tendency has been carried too far. I am perfectly aware of the problem of many churches where

a large number of Sunday Masses are required. Obviously we cannot expect all of these to be sung. However, I know of many parishes where all Sunday Masses are low except on a few holidays. There seems to be a tendency to streamline the Low Mass into a service of incredible shortness. I could enumerate all sorts of non-liturgical shortcuts which I have witnessed.

It is a sorrowing thing to see the beautiful, stately drama of the Solemn High Mass put into mothballs. I firmly believe that there are few parishes which cannot have a Solemn Mass, or at least a *Missa Cantata*, every Sunday. I include in this, music in the spirit of the *Motu Proprio*.

Let us hope that the increasing use of the Missal by the laity will stimulate a demand for more Solemn High Masses.

H. A. AGERTY
First Lieut., M.C.

Butler, Pa.

GI CIRCULATION

EDITOR: I was interested in the article in your August 5 issue regarding the opportunity which the author feels is being missed—by our Catholic papers in particular—in not featuring personal items among the GIs. I think he has something there—no doubt about it. From what I have learned from returning GIs, Catholic periodicals of all kinds are missing a great opportunity. The papers are simply not there, regardless of whether or not their contents contain enough personal items. The few copies that are in circulation are inadequate. There are not enough of them.

I know it costs money to publish and distribute. However, there is one way in which many people could help, without any further expense than postage. They could send their papers along to the various camps, training stations, hospitals, etc., as soon as they finish reading them. That is what I have been doing since the war began. With this small outlay in postage, one paper can be made to do a lot of work. I know many subscribers like to keep their complete file—so do I. Time and again I should like to refer to back numbers. However, I figure it is a sacrifice in a good cause.

Troy, N. Y.

KATHERINE H. JOSHIN

FOR A BETTER "BOOK OF THE YEAR"

EDITOR: During the passage of the years the *Catholic Directory* has become a very sizable and very weighty volume. In the course of these same years Americans have become accustomed to having their multi-informational and complex reference books so arranged that the desired facts can be found without any needless outlay of time, tendencies leading to impatience, or any serious use of the higher and more exploratory powers of the intellect. Priests are no exception in this and would like to find the *Catholic Directory* a model of clarity to the busy and distracted of mind.

Not infrequently an individual, or group, may be seen with the great red-covered book open, undergoing an initial period of bafflement. The four-odd pages of "Hints and Helps for Those Who Use the *Catholic Directory*," to be found on page ix, can only hint and help if you read them and take the time to study the sectional composition of the book. I wonder if the publishers actually think that very many people have read the hints, or even know that they are there. Anyway, modern reference books should not require such a study outline for casual references.

The publishers could remedy much if they would begin the volume with a general index on the brown paper just inside of the front cover, followed immediately by a list of the Archbishops and Bishops, which is lacking entirely in the book, and then the Place List which is at present to be found, after some lapse of time, way back in the central wilderness of the volume near The Catholic Church in Canada. This would be most practical, as most frequently users of the *Directory* open it with the name of a Bishop or the name of a geographical place in their minds, e.g., "What is Bishop Shaughnessy's diocese? Or, in what diocese is Billings, Montana?"

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THE WORD

DEATH almost always comes too soon. Whether it comes at eight or at eighteen or at eighty, it seems to come before we desire it or are ready for it. "We know that it must come to all of us. We never pray that we may not die at all. We do pray not to die now. We do pray to be saved from eternal death—"to be snatched," in the words of the Mass, "from eternal damnation and numbered among the flock of Thy chosen ones." We pray to be delivered from sudden and unprovided death." Some people leave out the word "sudden." What difference does it make if death be sudden or long foreseen? Really, it always seems sudden and it is never unforeseen.

Death, when it comes, always brings shock and sadness. Our Lord wept over Lazarus, and the bystanders were touched by the love that prompted the tears. In today's Gospel, the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, "when He saw [the widow of Naim] He had compassion on her and said to her, Weep not" (Luke 7:11-16). Love naturally weeps when a dear one goes. The going leaves an emptiness, an aching, a deep, keen loneliness that strangely enough no words, no prayers, no thoughts of Heaven and eternal rest can immediately relieve. There is a time for tears and a time for laughter, Holy Writ reminds us, and death is a time for tears. For all His kindness to us, the Lord seems to let us go through that time of tears.

Yet, we do not mourn, Saint Paul tells us, as those who have no hope. We know that death is not a frightening thing, death is not really a sad thing. For those who have striven to serve God in life, death is a going home, an end of temptation and uncertainty, of pain and worry and sorrow. Death, in the Catholic and only true meaning of the word, is the beginning of life eternal with God, with Christ, His Son, with Mary the Mother of God. For all the pain of our lonely love, we know that the mother who leaves us after a long life of sacrifice and suffering has gone to a happier place than ever she knew with us. In the unselfishness of our love, we would not want her back again. We would not, if we could, recall her from eternal happiness to this joy-in-sorrow world; and the joy of unselfish love struggles with the tears of lonely love.

For a while, for a month or two or three, the tears triumph; yet, not for long. Just as sure as the tears is the peace that will come if our unselfish love keeps telling us to rejoice in the joy of the one we love. There comes a day when we can think of our dear departed without that ache, when we can talk about them without a choke or a sob, when we know with a joyful certainty that we have not lost them, that they are only waiting for us the little while that we must wait and work before our journey home.

"Weep not," says He who is master of life and of death. If He would, He could bring back today the boys for whom many mothers weep, the young husbands who never had a chance to build a home with the girls they love, the young children and the old whom He has called home. If He does not so will, it is because He knows that it is good for them and for us, too, that they go home to Him. To parents, His "Weep Not" is His way of saying that the death of their children is the final triumph of the unselfish love that brings children into the world. They bore their little ones to be citizens of Heaven, to fill out for all eternity the Mystical Body of Christ. Their unselfish parental love achieves its completion when the children achieve Heaven.

To weeping husbands and wives, His "Weep Not" is a reminder that love means giving, and the most beautiful thing in married love is that it plays a big part in giving to the one most beloved God's gift of life eternal.

Even the Son of God Himself died on the Cross. Had He not done so, there could be no joy, no life in this world. In like manner the death of every holy soul has in it the germ of greater joy for the soul going home and for those left weeping behind.

"Weep not" means, "I know best. I love your loved one more deeply even than you. To my love is joined a wisdom greater than yours. Trust me, for I call those whom I love when it is best for them, and for you."

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WE HAVE TO BE TOLD

I am still starry-eyed from a conversation.

"Religion and education are incompatible," said the educator, "because religion claims to be an answer, whereas education can only be a search."

"If education can only be a search," said I, "it seems to follow that if you ever find what you're searching for, education will have to stop."

"Ah," said he, beaming with idiot satisfaction, "but we never will."

And he left me, presumably to continue his search, driven on by the unshakable hope of never finding.

I shall send him a copy of J. K. Heydon's new book *The God of Love*: not that he will read it, but there is always the chance that one of his pupils might—for he is of the de luxe sort of educator who educates other educators—and Heydon's book is a first-rate antidote for that disease of the intellect which consists in seeing the known truth as the enemy.

The case for Revelation is in its elements very simple: there are certain truths which man needs to know if he is to plan his life intelligently—for example he *must* know where he is from and where he is going and why he is here; these things he cannot find out for himself—he must either be told by the God who put him here or else continue in ignorance; and it can be shown that God has in fact told us. To the believer the argument is overwhelming; and he wonders why it leaves the doubter quite cold. The truth is that the believer, though he states the argument thus stripped, is not in his own mind seeing it thus stripped: he is seeing it clothed in the flesh and blood of his knowledge of God and God's love for man and the dynamic effect upon his own soul of the known truth. He does not realize that the case for revelation he is presenting to the doubter is superbly adequate *as a skeleton*: and that ordinary men are not equipped for falling in love with a skeleton.

The value of Heydon's book is that he shows the necessity and the fact of revelation in the context of the whole relation of the universe to God. To be told that God has given a revelation will affect you little if "God" is no more than a word, a vague smudge on the back wall of the mind. But Heydon's proof of God's existence establishes Him as a God of love: and the universe is shown bound part to part and all to God by love: and all this shown not only richly and satisfyingly but with strength and masculinity, too. For if he rejoices in the flesh and blood of reality, he knows that the skeleton is essential.

No one could have a better all round equipment for talking of God to the modern man. Heydon is a classical scholar who chose to graduate in science and mathematics on his way to the family law firm (this part of his training explains the rigorous force of his proof of the Church's claims); as a sideline he ran a great manufacturing business in Australia: then, in his prime, retired from law and business alike to devote his mind to philosophy and theology.

My strange educator would be appalled by him—for he searches in the hope of finding: and it would be hard to call him uneducated. (\$2.25) —F.J.S.

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